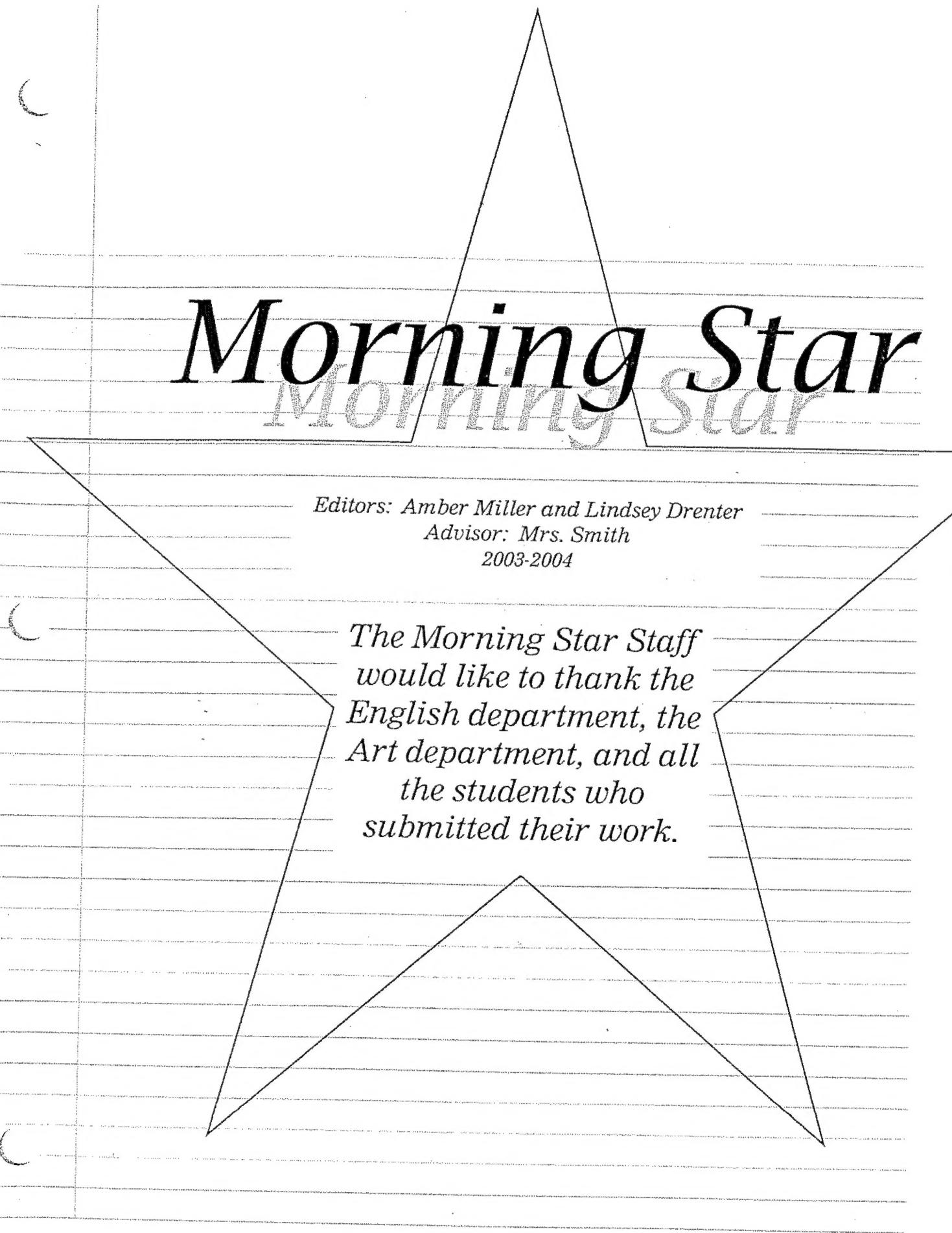


COMPOSITION

Morning
★ Star ★

North Scott
Student Literature
2003-2004



Morning Star

*Editors: Amber Miller and Lindsey Drener
Advisor: Mrs. Smith
2003-2004*

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would like to thank the
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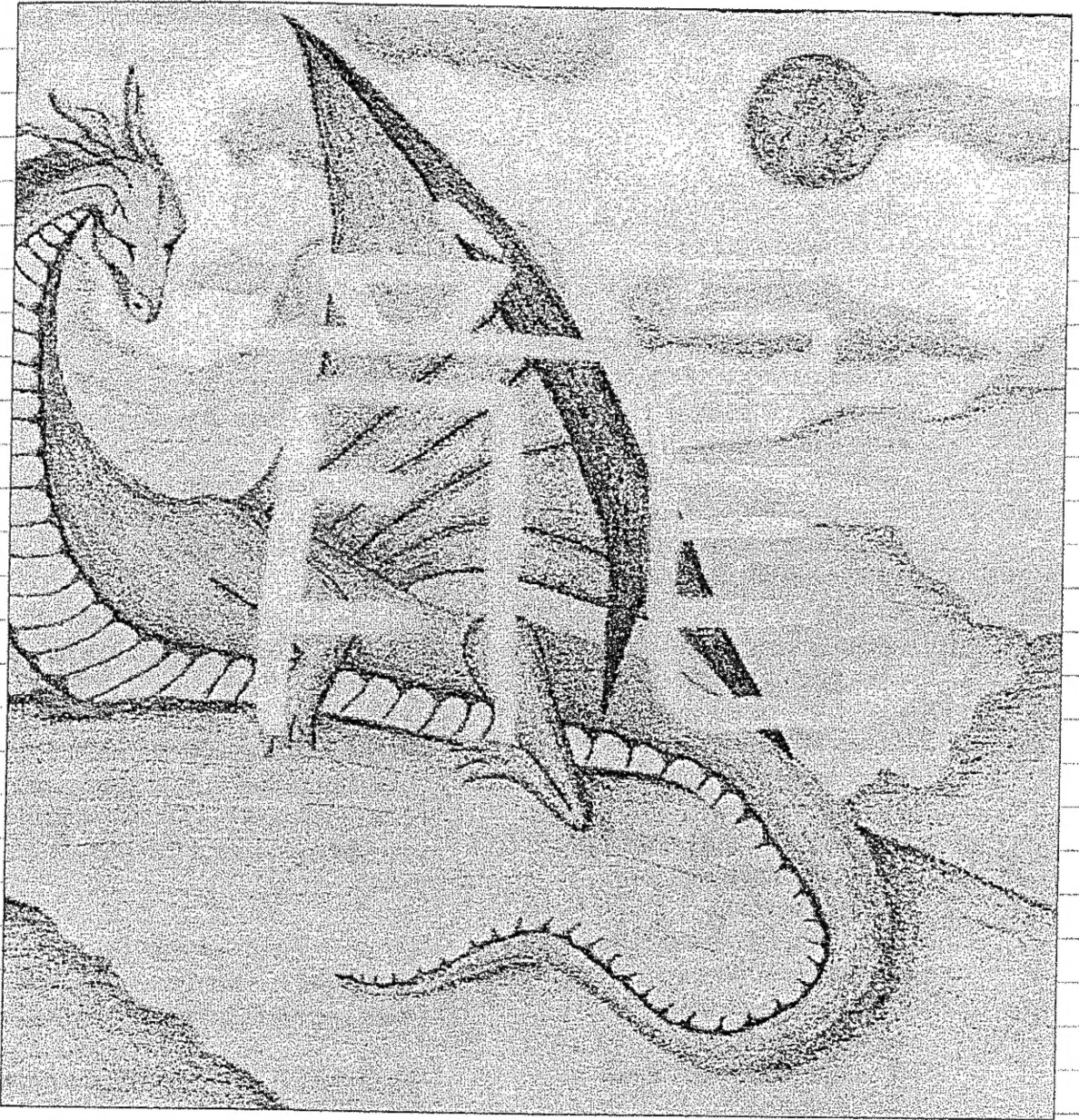
Beauty

You speak of beauty as if it exists in a tiny drop of water.
You think that beauty is a minority in this world of preponderance control.
But if only you could see the world from all points of view.
See the loveliness of forbidden fruit, of tree and root,
Of your smiling face, of the human race.

Nothing is ugly that exists, nothing is beautiful that can't be seen.
Everything is an effect of cause uncontrollable.
But that doesn't mean it is any less lovely.
Don't label the outside without further examination.
You label things horrible without hesitation.
But have you ever talked about, felt, or seen
The beauty of rocks, of mountains and trees.

You speak of beauty, what is more beautiful than life.
What is ugly, being labeled un-beautiful.
People like to see what in their mind is beauty.
But what if the eye got a new beholder
What if new views were to take over.
See beauty in all things.
See the ugliness in labeling ugly.

-Kelsey Robbins



Art by Tina Meyerhoff

My Dog

I watch my dog
jumping and playing
So happy all day.
Never ceasing.
She never wears out,
my black and white dog,
with a square pig snout.
Always chasing and running
after anything she sees.
Her short stubby legs
ending with tiny white paws.
Her small little body
leaping and hurtling
over obstacles in her way.
Only to miss the cat she was chasing.
Always grunting and snorting.
A little dog with short hair,
like a miniature pig.
Constantly barking
like a cry for attention,
to play with somebody
for a day without end.
When finally she wears out
she sits by the bed.
Huge eyes pleading to be let up.
When they finally give in
she leaps right up.
With a jump that could clear a fence,
then cuddles in for a good night's rest.
After snoring all night
she awakes with a start
just after the crack of dawn
ready to play again.

-Sarah Longner

Summer Find

Lady of Sunshine
Sitting polka dot dressed
On my fingertip

-Kayla Pumphry

Pearls

As you wonder through life all dressed
up in your formal trying not to falter.

With a marble on the floor you fall and
the pearls of your life scatter across the floor
in different directions.

Not knowing what to do you crawl in a corner
and curse people with silent words and hollow
eyes.

Nowhere to go and no one to help you,
you sleep in a dead life. Knowing the bars of
life have trapped you, and you can only wait
for old age to accept the empty string in your
hand.

Hope is out of reach and you sit in your formal
crawled up in a corner with pearls at your
knees and an empty string in your hand.

What to show for the life you have lived nothing
matters when winter snows cover your grave,
nothing matters in the end, not even
the pearls you lost.

-Wittney Warm

In Me

fresh crisp air infuses my body
warm morning sunlight
gently caresses my skin
your beauty consumes me
all around I am surrounded
your wonderful creation
shows itself to me
how can one not believe
when surrounded by such mastery
the wind gently blows
I close my eyes
I breathe it all in
and I feel you
you are there
in that gentle breeze
stirring my soul to wake
telling me it is time to feel
time to expand myself in you
love washes over my body
just like the morning sunlight
it ignites my being
these feelings I feel
the things I know
are over abundant
when you run through me
you live in my heart
and pulse through my veins
I feel your everything in me
my faith expands in that whisper
the light breeze that rustled my hair
and I know not just think
that nothing can go wrong
as long as we're in it together

- Tina Meyerhoff

A poem based on "Dead Poet's Society"

As I close my eyes,
I see a sweaty toothed
madman. He is crazy,
and dancing in the park.
He has a blanket tied
around his neck,
which is being used
as a red and yellow cape.
He begins to mumble,
funny words, that I
cannot understand
Foofoofartigan
babblebabbletoothtooth
People begin to notice him
they are all laughing
staring
teasing
which is all he really
wanted. To be noticed

-Megan Vance

untitled

Deep Red Sun
Exploding with Warmth
Summer at its Peak

-Aaron Verhoevoort

Keep the Things that Make You Laugh

Keep the things that make you laugh
Don't throw them away
Because maybe you will come to find
You'll need them another day

Life is short
So have some fun
And know the laughter
Has just begun

So if you're feeling down
And your life is torn in half
Don't be ashamed
You kept the things that make you laugh.

-Allison DeSchepper



Art by Megan Schneckloth

Destiny

Destiny is what is to come
and the past is what's been said and done
it is a part of you and me
it is a part of everyone
it hold us together
it's just like paper and glue
it is something special
that connects me to you
you are something else
and you know you are and I will always
find you
whether you are near or far
you know what makes us different
is what kind - of makes us the same
sometimes it's exciting
and sometimes it's lame
it depends upon the person
and what they want their destiny to be
it is a part or all of us
even you and me
so what makes you act the same
or makes you act differently
it is a big part of your life
it is your destiny

- Trisha Simpson

Sun's Blanket

(In imitation of Emily Dickinson)

I love that way it feels-
as it wraps around me
it embraces me - in warmth

I is like a calm Breeze-
that sweeps over all of me
with a gentle glow
radiating all it's heat

It's color spectrum-
is all around-
adding to it's appeal
calling me - to lay-
an be still in it

In tranquil dawn-
it will comfort me
when I do wake-
it will be there

- Kate Hermiston

untitled

In the summer air
the potent corn shines
emptying the bin

-Kyle Gibson

Beast

Smoke silently billowing
from a deadly snout, unmercifully
burning into me with it's
fiery eyes like crimson embers

An army within one body,
the scales gleam in the morns departure.
It's great wings pulse incessantly
while it scrounges for prey in it's mid-evil stance.

Greatest sympathy for thou chosen.
this beast strikes without mercy,
for it's appetite is a never - ending battle, ever raging.
it attacks, extinguishing the fire of need.

Fog settles early, before the suns wake.
it's piercing eyes scan around, sensing, alert.
muscles quivering under glistening, golden scales
as it flies to kindle it's fiery rage.

- Rachel Talbot

Untitled

Pickles in a jar
Can freshness be guaranteed?
So says the label

-Jay Burmeister

Untitled

You're so beautiful
nice crisp shirts
expensive and new
name brand
pinstriped
unbuttoned halfway
permitting you to work with your
hands
and I bet you could make me a home
in the moon
with those hands
you'd mold me a castle
of moon mud
with those hands
and send me soaring
back into the sky
It'd be so beautiful
our castle
on the moon,
you and I.

- Lindsey Drener

Where the lilies grow

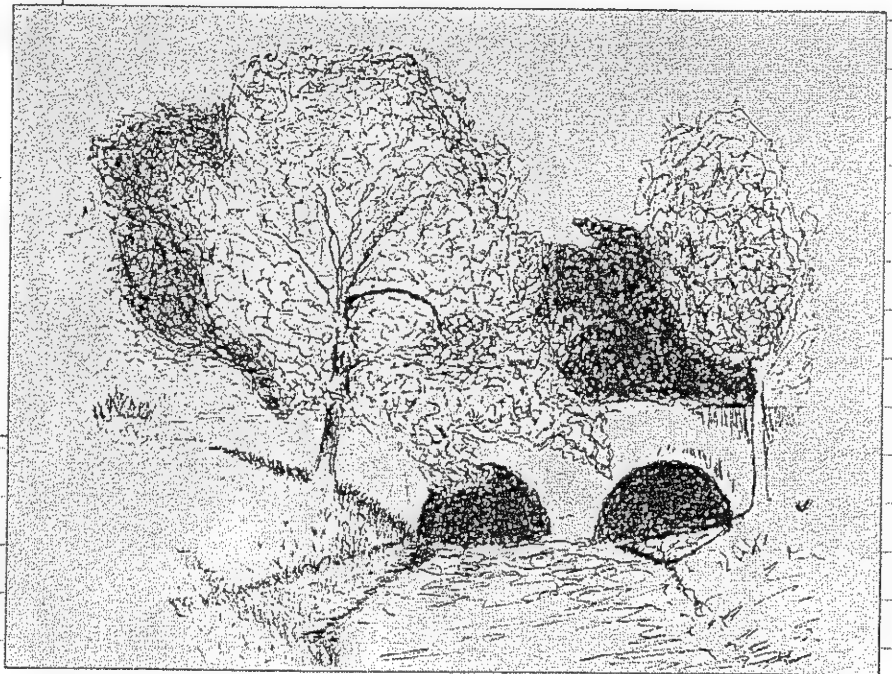
Out where the lilies grow
everything is bright
everyone is happy
out where the lilies grow
people are kind
and hearts are not broken
out where the lilies grow
it is warm
and you are safe
in this place
it is dark
and gloomy
in this place
people scream
and kill other people
in this place
you suffer and go insane
In this place
you suffer
and go insane
I want to
where the lilies grow.

- Allison Deschepper

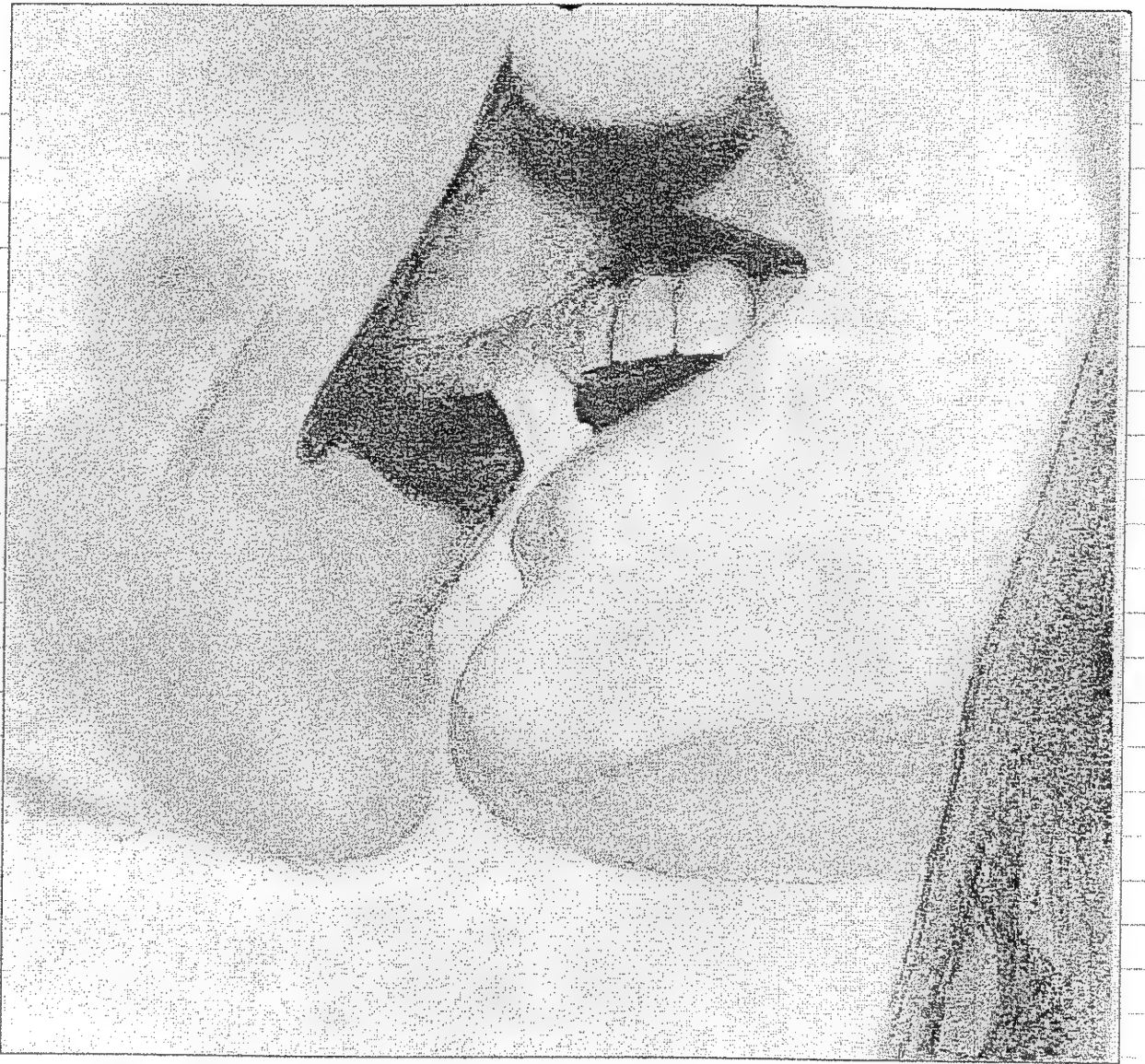
What you want me to be

A pointless introduction to my life.
You care less than I.
A shadowy figure behind a curtain of lies
and despair.
I am what you want me to be, only I am not.
I cringe when I see you smile.
You smile not at me, but at the figure of your
imagination.
Have you noticed the lack of words I speak, or
the tears permanently stapled to my eyes.
Look at me, I am what you want me to be.
I hope you're happy.

- Amber miller



Art by Abby Leonard



Art by Lindsey Dreter

Your Night-Time Prayer

I said a prayer for you tonight as I looked up at the sky. I said it to the smallest star, the one that didn't shine. This star was a special one because it reminded me of you. Because you do not shine when you do the things you do. You lose people's trust with your hopeful lies and then gain it back with your loving and trusting eyes. I prayed that you would change your ways and that you would have better days. I prayed you would respect people and their feelings for what they're really worth, even though you've been taught this from your very birth. I prayed that you would understand that it is time to change. Time to stop being a boy, start being a man and time to turn the page. Time to stop listening to the people that influence your bad ways. The ones you listen to when you don't go home and stay out late at night while your parents' hearts are ablaze. I prayed you would look around and see who your real friends are. They aren't the ones you think, those won't get you far. I prayed you'd understand your parents really love you and hate seeing you fail, but you never pay attention and see that they really do care even if you do tell a tale. The last thing I prayed was the biggest thing of all. I prayed that you would have love for me, even if that isn't all. You can think I'm annoying sometimes and get mad at me too, but you could never think of me that way as much as I do of you. Don't get me wrong here I think good things about you every and all day. But when you do the things you do, I think of you that way. After I got done praying I thanked God one more time for having me love you with my whole heart, the one which once was mine. Then I looked at that star one more time, turned to the house with a smile and walked back inside.

-Amber Miller

Just Me

A Player's Poem

From the time I was little, I knew I was great
'cause the people would tell me, "You'll make it, just wait."
But they never did tell me how great I would be
if I ever played someone who was greater than me.

When I'm in the back yard, I'm king with the ball
to swish all those baskets is no sweat at all.
But all of a sudden there's a defender in my face
who doesn't seem to realize that I'm king of this place.

So the pressure gets to me; I rush with the ball.
My passes to teammates could go through the wall.
My jumpers not falling, my dribbles not sure.
My hand is not steady; my eye is not pure.

The fault is my teammates—they don't understand.
The fault is my coaches—what a terrible plan.
The fault is the call be the blind referee.
But the fault is not mine; I'm the greatest, you see.

Then it finally hit me when I started to see
that face in the mirror looked exactly like me.
It wasn't my teammates who were dropping the ball,
and it wasn't my coach shooting bricks at the wall.

That face in the mirror that was always so great
had some room for improvement instead of just hate.
So I stopped blaming others and I started to grow.
My play got much better and it started to show.

And all of my teammates didn't seem quite so bad
I learned to depend on the good friends I had.
Now I like myself better since I started to see
that I was lousy being great—I'm much better being me.

-Pete Langenhan

To My Ex-Eternity

I can constantly see myself,
falling from eternity
falling from your arms
into myself into my own mind
where I found you,
where I was looking relentlessly
to be with you.
just to be.
to see you
just to see
My light shining unselfishly
My feelings swell inside me
Until I'm overcome
and then you leave,
and I cry.
Just the same
You always made me cry.
I thought it was eternity,
but it was only you
My nothing
My brainlessness
My thoughtlessness
My unfaithfulness
My anger and hate boiling inside of me,
and then I let it go. I let you go.
And it's done,
My pain is gone.
No more falling back to you.
Just to see myself cry.
No more hurt from you
When you say goodbye.

-Ashley Havenhill

untitled

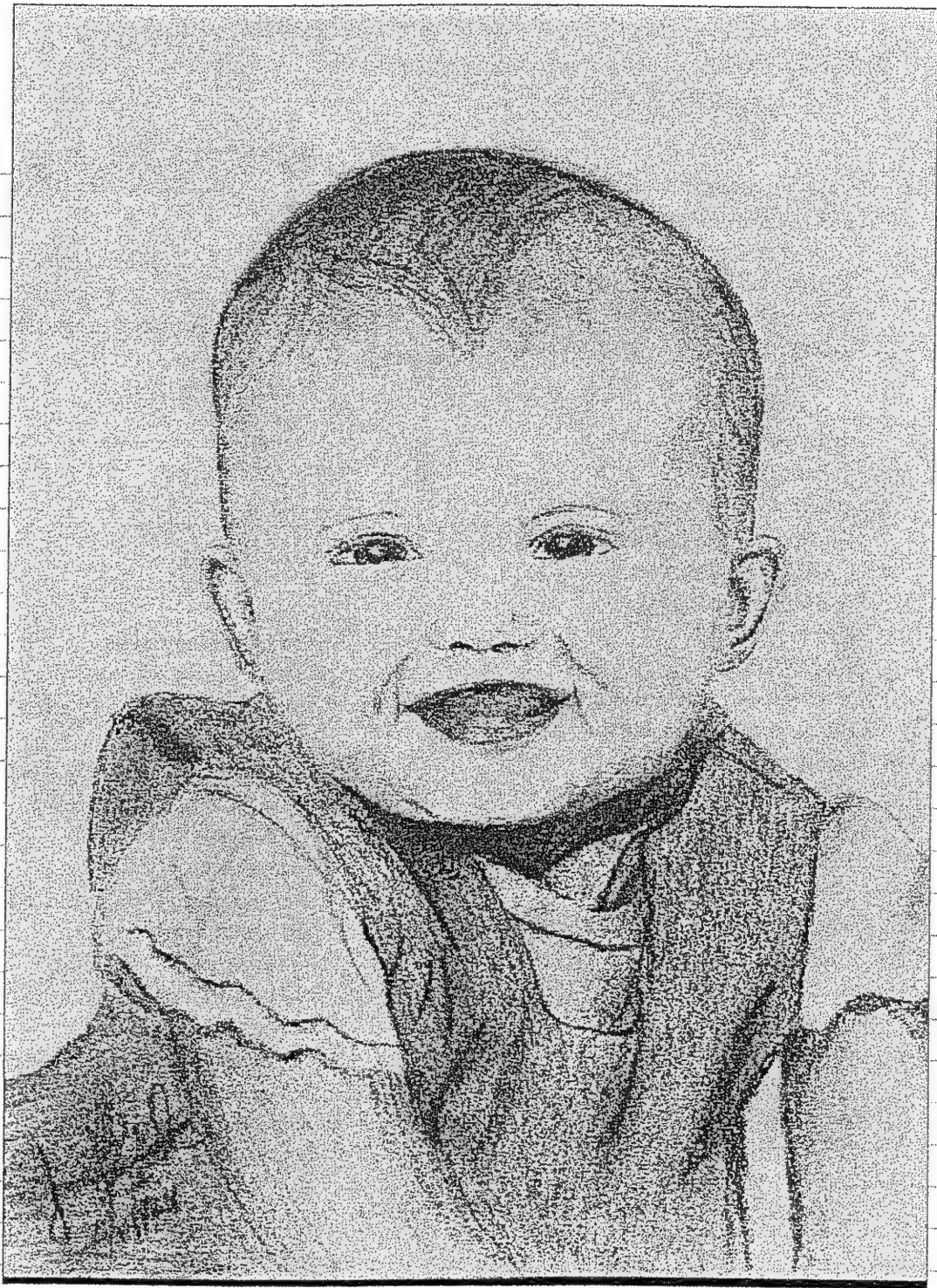
In the puddle-
After a spring shower
A distorted reflection

-Cassie Kiewiet

Meaning

What is this meaning
This meaning of confusion?
How does it make me feel?
Why is it here?
Does it want to destroy everything I have
Or just destroy who I am?
Confusion
The seed to all insanity
Is its meaning meant to kill?
Or to take over my life?
It has entered my brain
And gotten tangled within my thoughts
How can I get rid of it?
As it gradually tears me down
Into pieces of nothing
With this sense of confusion
Forever embedded into me
I still do not know its meaning
Or how it makes me feel
Or why it is here
Confusion.

-Allison DeSchepper



Art by Jennifer Kabel

Mother talking to daughter

Do your A day homework tonight; do your B day homework on Monday before six; cook supper and place it onto the table; don't forget to put the settings down in the living room; make room for your aunt coming over tonight; please do not watch the tonight show; practice for the swing show coming up in a couple of weeks; are Mike and Samantha still together, were they a cute couple?; your aunt is getting married tomorrow; so tomorrow you need to wrap her gift; write a thank-you note for the gift from Sue; make the bed for your aunt after all, she has a big day tomorrow and she is coming over tonight; un-set the table after use, put the fish in the refrigerator; your father is taking you fishing on Wednesday; don't forget to go to confirmation; pick up your pants from the dry-cleaners for church; this Sunday you need to go to church; when was the last time you were an acolyte; when did you last wash the dog?; after fishing with your father, wash the fish very good; if you catch a baby fish, throw it back into the water; don't have children, you're too young; children are so cute when they are young; enjoy life, you grow up fast; when driving, don't speed; follow the rules of the road, when visiting someone's house, follow their rules; don't be a follower, be a leader; pick up a twenty ounce bottle of sprite for the party tonight; if you go to parties, don't get drunk; don't stay out too late; when in school, be on time to class; listen in school and finish your homework; actually try in your classes and on your homework; don't forget your chores; be a responsible young girl that I have taught you to be; girls are polite in public, so act that way; I loved your performance at the play on Thursday night; don't act in public the way you do in plays; if you any violence, act upon it and tell someone; don't be a tattletale; you are better at writing short stories rather than tall tales; your cousin is tall, he should go out for basketball; you should have been in sports in Jr. High; did you like High school better than Jr. High?; did you like cheerleading last year?; this is the way to get your crowd's attention; if you're in a crowd, stay close to someone you know; never talk to strangers off the streets; stay on the sidewalk of a street, when shopping, it is best to go when they have sidewalk sales; never buy anything from a salesman on the phone; when on the phone, keep in mind others may need it someday; someday you will understand life; have fun now, life is too short; if you can't reach something, ask for help; if you ever need help, there is always someone out there to help you; this is an appropriate way to ask someone a question; this is an inappropriate way to ask; this is how you should sit at a table and eat; when cooking, add extra spices to give it extra flavor; before you go to bed, run up to the store and buy iodized salt for the fish; always compare brands and prices when deciding what items to buy; don't spend too much money; come home and go to bed, you need the sleep for school; in the morning don't forget to wash behind your ears; on your way to school, stop by and buy a couple ears of corn; don't buy elephant ears at school, they will ruin your thinking for the rest of the day; this is how you husk corn; don't forget to have fun at the Huskers football game next weekend; besides, everyone needs a little bit of fun and a break now and then.

-Kirsten Krambeck

untitled

I can smell you
in my hair
on my hands
And I can't tell
if I miss you
or if
maybe
I can't stand you

- Lindsey Dreter

car CRASH melody

Tires on wet streets
brings you closer to nature
six feet deep of earth.

-Dan Yost

Poem 7

(An Imitation of Lava Cameo by Evan Boland)

I like this picture—

My grandma was a 6th grader.
She had one sister Marsha.
Her family lived in Illinois—

Except I don't know much of her
childhood; bits and pieces.
She just seems like a grandma to me.
A grandma her whole life.

If I say her shirt was neatly
pressed; and her mother had gently
applied lipstick and blush to her delicate face,

if I make her pretty brown
eyes live to read and do
her schoolwork,

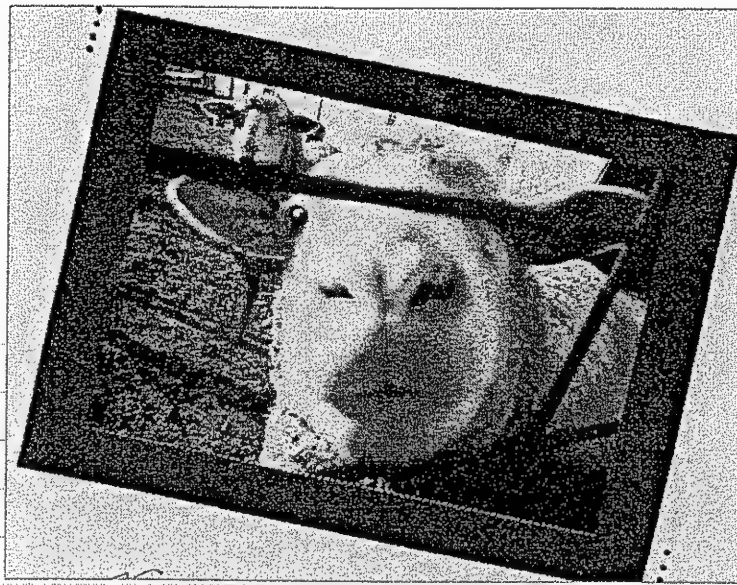
then I wonder if:

She led an outwardly
good life, but somewhere
deep in those eyes there
is some pain; a secret maybe?

She will marry at 20.
Her parents will die when she is 58.
Her past will be left behind;
never uncovered again.

I want to sit down with her
and learn her childhood;
I want to know her
as a child and a Grandmother.
Inscribe Mystery.

- Jenni Kilen



Art by Jeanna Sheedy

Confidence

You find in the light of your life
The place where you find peace
It is an aura about you
Showing emotion of confidence
Showing people that you believe in yourself
There's nothing that can be mistaken for this
It's in your walk and body
It's in the way you talk
Like a flight on your tongue of what you believe
It is the best thing that you may have
You are your own author of your fate
In the emotion of confidence there is only hope
There is a loveliness in your life
There is an endless springtime
You are a blossom of this springtime
Once you have bloomed you are open until your death
This is the greatest thing of all

- Christine Goodall

Roses

(an imitation of Shakespeare's 130)

Beginning at dusk, ending before dawn;
Only finding lust over a pretty face;
Teenage crushes fall far short of true love;
Through endless tries, finding only dismay;
With brief romance during a slow dance;
Put all this nonsense off for a while;
You fall into a deep, fixated trance;
Take off that fake laugh and counterfeit smile;
Teenage romance is chaotic and wild.
As it seems, love is but a twisted dream;
You just have to face it and smile;
A stressful fiend, never to be foreseen.
In the end, like your love, the roses are dead
All you can do is remember when they were still red.

- Ben Lewis

I am

I am a scared girl who doesn't want to grow up.
I wonder what I will be doing in 20 years.
I hear from people questioning my willingness to move on.
I see my childhood flash before my innocent eyes.
I want to stay young.
I am a scared girl who doesn't want to grow up.

I avoid the fact that I will be graduating in 2 years.
I feel sick to think about losing all my friends and family.
I touch my heart because it beats so hard.
I worry that if I don't start looking towards my future I may lose it.
I cry at night hoping to stay just where I am.
I am a scared girl who doesn't want to grow up.

I understand that this is something I have to do soon.
I say I'll put it off one more week.
I dream that whatever I choose to do will be the right decision.
I try everyday to push myself harder.
I hope my future turns out right.
I am a scared girl who doesn't want to grow up.

- Jessica Larssen

Untitled

Black streets
littered and crawling
with summer folks
fluorescent street light
only reaches so far
not quite to the place
where you are hiding
from me and my thoughts
you must be scared
and hiding
in the crowded nighttime
hot dogs
slushies
popcorn and grease

I can't find you
just beautiful strangers
that never take a second glance
or wonder who I am
or who I am looking for
just going on into the night and summer
with friends and smells
and secret stories
of more street fair nights
you're my street fair story
of sweet summer possibility
that everyone wants
but we will have
when I find you tonight
my sweet summer story

-Lindsey Drenter

Subconscious

In the deep recesses of my mind
through darkness and dancing shadows
I can see the bright colors
of vivid unknown scenes
a hazy voice without sound
narrates stories in my subconscious
while I catch glimpses
of my wild imagination
emotions flood over me
changing with the scenes
I feel overwhelming fear
I sense joy and happiness
anything can rule here
there are no laws
not even gravity rules
here I can fly
I feel weightless
I can be as free as the birds
soaring through the air
escaping many dangers
and feeling the wind in my hair
it's interesting though
that smell is lacking here
it's like a well sanitized room
no scents of anything linger
along with the absence of smell
no taste is found either
the two going hand in hand
neither are present
in this place of dancing shadows
in the back of my mind

- Tina Meyerhoff

A Gift

down from heaven, came this little gift
in a strange looking box, but easy to lift
I took it home and to my surprise,
as I opened it up, there was a pair of blue sparkling eyes.
As I took the child out of the strange bed,
I held her close and rubbed her head.
And on my sholder, she fell asleep
it was right then, that I began to weep.
I thanked my lord for what he had done
because I know he sent me this little one
so as she grew up big and strong
I taught her the difference between right and wrong
she became older, and I told her how she came to be
mow she knows that she's a gift
and it is her, to God, I lift

-Trisha Simpson

First Teenage Crush (after William Shakespeare)

A teenage girl's first crush is... well crushing.
Her body isn't hers, nor is her mind.
She finds herself shivering, shaking, blushing,
kind of weak, tormented, sick, going blind.
And why? Because some guy might look her way,
then cast his eyes as quickly to the ground;
some special one, for reasons she can't say,
who's voice makes her faint when he's around.
But now my crush on him has been returned,
and so the two of us stand on some brink:
It can't be love so young, and yet we've learned
love does it's will, no matter what we think.
Slowly, slowly for now - - we must not rush!
Let's stop and enjoy our first teenage crush.

- Nicole Kelly

Happy Newlyweds
In imitation of Evan Boland's "Lava Cameo"

I love this story-

My grandfather was a military man,
My grandmother a young woman
She always waited for him to be off duty

Except that is not my story
More of an idea
Something I like to imagine

They were a silly couple
Young, happy newlyweds
Once, she even climbed
on top of his shoulders
and someone snapped a picture

If I decided that she was beautiful,
If he was handsome,
If they were the perfect match-

Think about this:

People grow old
frail and weak
no one can fight
time, only think of it

Not as a clock but as a journey:

An experience differing from a competition
which reveals the secret of life:

She will have over fifteen grandchildren.
He will become an old farmer.
They grow old
together, so I imagine
again the young newlyweds.
In the story, the sun is setting.
They sit together, on a blanket.
Watch.

Talk to me, I want to say: tell me
About the day you scaled
The mountain of him to laugh.

Snapshot of time.

-Melanie Dreuter

Bird watching
(after Elizabeth Bishop "The
Fish")

As I sat there by the window,
Looking to the sky,
I saw a bird fly down to a branch,
I grabbed my binoculars,
I focused them in and watched this bird,
Its orange beak and fetterless legs,
The strange color of its breast,
A rusted orange close to red,
Its eye found mine,
It seemed to say, "Why do you look at
me?"
I saw the bird look around the yard,
I then saw it look to the ground,
In a flutter of wings it took,
It had flown to the ground,
To see what treasure it could find,
A bug, maybe even a worm,
Yet it could even be just a piece of grass,
As I watch it hop on its skinny legs,
Searching the grass for its treasure,
I look past the bird,
I see a dog coming,
As I watch with an unbreakable stare,
I wonder and hope,
If the bird will make it,
Any second and it will be to late,
All of a sudden, there's a flurry of feathers,
The robin flew the coup,
I look back to the sky,
I see it flying high,
It escaped,
Oh I was glad,
On wings of flight it has left,
No longer can I see it in the sky.

- Alex Pehler

untitled

What do I do now? Where do I go from here? You left me standing in the **rain**. I **want** inside. It's **cold** and **dark**. I put my **key** in the lock and turn. You've changed the lock. I walk out in the street drenched. I look back. You open the **door** a crack. I run to it and try to **push** it open further, but it doesn't budge. I sit down on the steps where we **1st** kissed, and remember those times. The ones which I long to come back to me. The **love** and the **laughter**. But you keep it closed up inside your little **house**. Keeping the emotions to yourself and **away** from me. I sit on these steps day after day. And day after day the door opens a little further. I wait for the day in which the feelings will **~burst~** out of the **doors** and **windows**. The **joyous** sound of love will fill my head once more. I went to your **house** today and turned the **key**..... **THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN.**

- Amber Miller



Art by Lindsey Drener

Nothing was seen and heard

Nothing was seen and heard

by 10 or twenty MEN that

POWBOOMPOW

day

and nothing about nothing(WinniNG)

did spEEK! but

the ballots heard nothing

BOOMpowpowPOW

about nothing(winning) speak

and 1(HUNDEREDMILLION) somethingswanted

nothing

whoknowsNOthing? though

We(I) (bal

POWPOW

lots) DIDnotknow..so

whoops...nothingbecameNOTHING.toall

SOMETHINGS

here 10(million)ortwenty Men herd

nothingbeNOTHING from SOMETHINGS

lifeWasEdland¹ 4 me we know nothing about their

NOTHINGSand

caremuchless

so Wesit-- something MADenothing by NOTHINGby

Nothing

NOTHING

Aaron Schroeder

¹"...WastEdland..." reference to T.S. Eliot's "The Wasteland"

Anguish

Angry tears spill from my eyes as I gaze longingly
at your deathbed before me.

The pain is slowly eating away at my heart,
nothing will ever begin to comfort me.

The tubes, wires and machines all connected to you
making you so unrecognizable, so distant.

The anguish is shared throughout the room,
I want to go, leave, to find the culprit.

I know they are still alive, still breathing
gathering life upon them as you loosen your grasp
and let it sift like sand through cold, thin fingers.

The lack of judgment they preceded to induce is madden-
ing.

I stand there, watching you taking your last few breaths
of life while somewhere, someone is still
living, unharmed, but for the poison still flowing in their
veins.

You manage to hold on, gathering enough energy to
grasp my hand for the last time before you depart.

My anguish turns to helpless sobs as I struggle to say
goodbye.

And my heart turns forever cold as I watch the monitors
flat line.

Your hand still in mine, I refuse to let go.

Everything affects me at once as I smooth a small,
soft wisp of hair off your face.

I turn to see the anguished faces of my dearest
friends and families, my pillars of strength,
blurred by tears freefalling down my face.

Trying to swallow the jagged pill of anguish,
I think of the one responsible, of how it was *so* unjust
for him to be here with his family and friends,
safe in the comforts of home.

But I realize in the arms of my love, in all my sorrow,
that he will live forever with that is the rightful
punishment for those who *chose* to drink and drive.

- Rachel Talbot

Pocket watch
(In imitation of Evan Boland's Lava Cameo)

I like this story-

My great-great-grandmother was Lela Benjamin.
She gave out personalized hankies that her husband made
Both Mrs. Carter and Miss Ohio of '81 received one.

But this is not a story,
more a special moment once recorded,
a memory extracted from a mind and jotted down on paper
one last note.

If I say a simple bonnet on her head
and a blue dress with a pocket,
yet her pocket watch lies around her neck,
lilies and her initials engraved in it's gold.

If I make her turn the crank
to allow the clock to keep ticking
synchronized with her heart-

think of this:

There is a way to refrain from being forgotten
to implant a memory
in someone's mind
to pass it on
throughout generations.

Not an ordinary timepiece, but a key:
to unlock a door to another time and place
and all the secrets that it holds.
she will die at 84 having lived her time
Having kept this memory for 72 years.
For a moment, the clock stopped
holding time still along with it-

Look to the future, I want to tell her: show me
how to make time continue
as well as you did.

Engrave your memories

- Erin Daniels

Untitled

(an imitation of William Shakespeare's Poem 130)

Each time he told her that he loved her so
she believed him with everything she had
and though she'd been told to always say no
she never wanted to make him get mad
so nine months later when she had a child
she turned to him but he wasn't there
she picked up the phone, his number she dialed
only to find out that he didn't care
she used to have dreams, her future was bright
now she's got nothing and she's all alone
and she cries herself to sleep ev'ry night
 young love is fun but it doesn't last long- -
 you think its forever— what if you're wrong?

-Hannah Rochau



Art by Trisha Simpson

Irish

Tears Falling Freely but never a shudder or a sob
They lowered you in the grave that day after
praising and singing your name.
You were never afraid of life or death and nor am I.
I was afraid of losing you
My best friend, my influence... gone
Stubborn as a bull, the Irish blood ran through your veins
now it continues to run through mine
the spotlight you had, I'd love to have one of my own
your appearance I did not take
though through my eyes my Dad swears you live on
I'll always share your heartyness
And a boring life I'll never know.

When I am gone
I do not wish
To give you who I am
I only wish that who I was
Will influence who you become

Irish.

- Megan Kane

Agony

Agony
Bitter sadness
cuts like razors
dead inside, alive outside
everyone sees me, yet unknown
Frighten and alone, transparent, despite solid
grieving is my constant, all else changes
horrible is how it feels, cold and clammy
I am without reason or meaning for my being
just to be is so unsatisfying. To have, not have.
Kindness and comfort are only temporary,
they are a cheap substitute.
"Loneliness is the human condition" it so happens to be true, now.
My heart is scared for life. It is fragile and hollow,
sear, burn
no one understands. I get close and they hurt me,
either accidental or deliberate.
Others don't know me, or don't like, or both. I open and
fall apart to touch.
People always hurt me, or I hurt them. It is a vicious circle,
what should I do?
Quit, it should, but how? I try everything. I am annoying
and cause inconvenience to many.
Relief comes in waves. Like waves, it washes away and leaves
bare, wet, gritty sand. It is moldable.
Streams of tears leak from my closed lashes. I runs onto my
lips, it tastes bitter, salty, sour, sad.
Thanks is little, there is little to be thankful for. Everything sparks a fire in my mind and soul.
Urging someone close to comprehend such
emotion is ultimately in vain.
She is closed and rigid. We hurt one another frequently.
Vicious and spiked. Like salt in a scrape. As vinegar in an eye.
Ruff as sandpaper on bare skin. Discomfort, irritation, pain.
Wishes and waiting seem to last an eternity.
Needing and wanting ultimately become one
and the same. Love and hate become hard to separate.
Xantippe is what she seems to me sometimes. My mind messes with me, like on a roller coaster ride. My emo-
tions change quickly and unexpectedly.
Young and old. Peace and war. Intentional and accidental.
Happiness and sadness. Loyalty and betrayal. One or the other. Clear cut?
Always black and white? Zany and crazy. Always unpredictable. Always
incredible, even if it's not enjoyable. time goes by, high, and lie. It tickles then burns, then invigorates.

-Beth Edwards

War

The vibrant illuminations of the heavens,
Brings pleasure to eyes abroad
Until, the sound of the explosion
Ringing in my ears
Is like a blast from the past
It is Dark.

Time escalates
To three years preceding
The bark of the guns and
The pain and the harsh,
Devastating darkness attacking me all at once is
too much to bear.
It is Dark.

It is light.
I awake, not sure of my past,
My future a blur,
I'm dazed and confused while all hell breaks
loose.
A knock on the head, I remember, and then...
It is Dark.

Three days pass, I awake.
One week spent lying in a dilemma.
While my fever descends, my questions arise
Shall I fight?
Challenge the opposing, friends vs. foes.
All is the same. All seems so Dark.

The continuing war....

My friend or my foe?
All look the same. Smeared together with
the blood,
The blood *taken*, over differing opinions.
Is that opinion not cherished by someone?
Is all Dark?

Bickering leads to finality
My brother, murdered by his cousin,
Falling silently at my side.
Memories flash before me....
Deaths, lives, funerals. Connecting me
with
The maddening urge to show them that
there is still light.

The light display shown,
For the victory we upheld three years pro-
ceeding
Lightened explosives symbolizing light.
The light of hope still remaining.
It is official. Was it worth it? The loss?
So begin we, a new era. It is light.

-Rachel Talbot

The Flight

Flying higher, above
the clouds.

Living in our
little worlds.

Do we see
lines,

walls? *borders* on a map,
NO. Yet we

FIGHT, KILL, just for these
lines these invisible lines
never stopping.

Do we win? Lose?

What is winning?
more?

Is it killing
taking

more? **NO.** But
still we fight, wanting...? lines. Wanting
to win. Win...lines. Simple non-existing lines
But we never do.

STOP.

Talk, maybe listen more

don't
fight.

Look out your

little windows.

see the earth as is really

is, **NO** lines **NO borders** not something we
win or lose

but earn through good deeds.

When you land

the wheels come down

flaps

brakes

throttle back

slow down.

STOPS

Try to be

new,

different,

refreshed. Remember,

NO lines

BE THANKFUL

for

everything.

-Adam Overberg

The Cat

(An Imitation of Elizabeth Bishop's, "The Fish")

The cat brushes up against my leg, and fixes me with his penetrating stare. I look back at him. He stares at me like he's staring into my soul. His eyes big round orbs lit by a glowing yellow light. However in the center it is mysteriously dark, where he keeps the secrets he sees. His ears tweak one way then another. The pyramids on his head catching the sound no human can hear. He goes still and his ears flatten for a second and seem to disappear, but then his warm demeanor returns and he looks at me again. His nose twitches the slightest bit. A little heart shaped button in the center of his face. It glistens just a little from the condensation gathered on it. Sprouting from either side of his nose are his sensors, making him look wise. I look past his face to his long slinky body. It's beige and white spots stick out prominently. His tail twitches with agitation. Like a snake dancing to a charmer's music. Finally he gets bored with me and leaves. As he walks away he gives me a backwards glance as if to say good-bye.

-Amber Sarnes



Art by Lindsey Dreter

Water Drop

Lately I've felt like a water drop on a glass shower door.

You know how some drops stay in the same spot until they evaporate, making a water mark, and others might stay in one spot for maybe a minute, and then they start trickling down the glass, eventually making their way to the drain?

I am that drop.

My life has started to trickle down the glass. I'm slowly making my way down to the drain. Little by little I find myself in situations that I've never been in.

Some say it's a good thing; change.

I'm just finding it difficult to cope with.

My life has come to a stand still, but it's still moving at such a rapid pace that I can't catch up with myself.

My world is changing every second and I'm not sure that I like it.

-Amber Miller

untitled

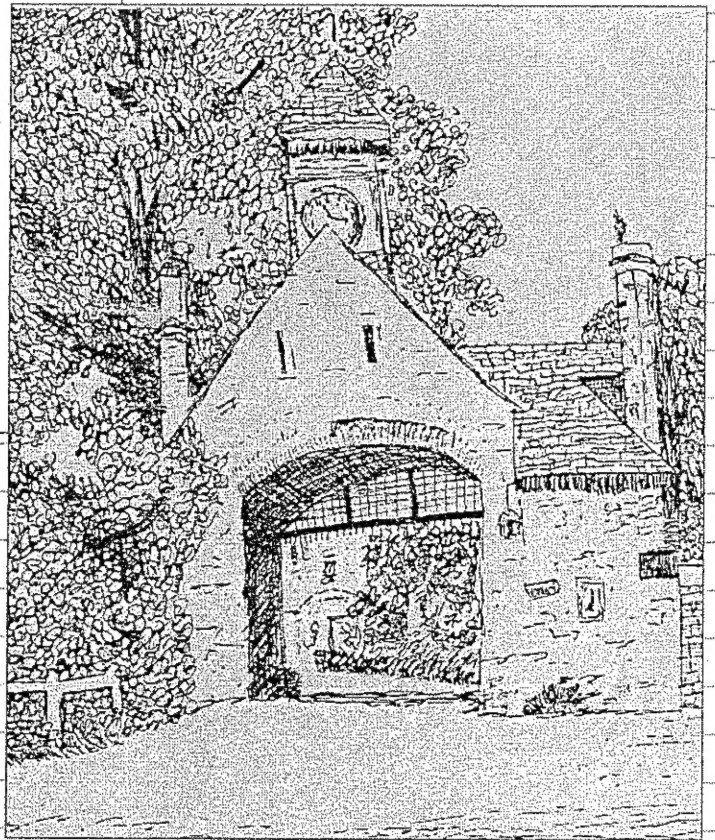
Crunching on the ground
Falling from white blanket skies
Every shape and size

-Katie Brennan

Onions

A pearlescent root,
Many layers peeled away
Now stinging my eyes

-Jackie Krebs



Art by Ashley Daniels

Untitled

Blurry dimensions
Eventually expose the
Color of a generation.
Conflicts spell out
twists in direction reveling
differences loud and clear.
Masks hide regrettable
targets that pinpoint change.

- Amber Miller

Untitled

This must be what girls write about,
when they fill pages with I love so-and-so,
so-
your name goes here:
in this space where I would document
my infatuation
if I were better
with bubble letters
and pink gel pens.

-Lindsey Drener



Art by Tabby Christenson

The writings on the back
cover were taken from
Amber Miller's writing on
poetry, and untitled poems
by Lindsey Drener.

They spent the summer together

They spend so much summer that

I watch the leaves fall
I watch you fall

by fall they were beggars for warmth

and under trees and stars and his

Standing on the outside
Press my hands against the glass

bedroom ceiling they found contentment
in each other's arms. And under the

Poetry is a vision of someone's emotion
shadow of his leaving through writing.

For the most part, you found

Nothing I can do
to keep you safe

cannot even grasp what

heartache. She knew his heart first

feeling as they someone bigger and better
the writer was

wrote the poem, but

So as the leaves fall behind me
I watch you fall for me

promised he would miss her

but all she ever really wanted was

